

the Queen of Scotland; she supported the dignity of a Queen, while she displayed the meekness of a Christian."

"I am exceedingly sorry, my dear friend, for the misunderstanding that happened between us," said T. . . . affectionately, and holding forth his hand in token of reconciliation.

Here the two friends shook hands with the utmost cordiality.

LOMBARD STREET.

A Citizen of London who, in an unlucky whim, had retired into the Country, soon after expressed his regret in the following terms:—

. THEY talk of the pleasures of the country, but would to God I had never been persuaded to leave the labour of the city for such woeful pleasure. O Lombard-street! Lombard-street! In evil hour did I forsake thee for verdant walks and flowery landscapes, and that there tiresome piece of made water. What walk is so agreeable as a walk through the streets of London? What landscape more flowery than those in the print-shops? And what water was made by man equal to the Thames? If here I venture to walk but a short way beyond my own fields, I may be wet through by a sudden shower, and exposed to the wind of every quarter, before I get under shelter; but in walking through the streets of London, if it rains a man can shelter himself under the piazzas; if the wind is in his face while he walks along one street, he may turn into another; if he

is hungry, he can be refreshed at the pastry shops; if tired, he can call a hackney coach; and he is sure of meeting with entertainment every evening at the club.

ITALIAN GEOGRAPHERS.

“ FATHER, perhaps you never were at Paris?”

“ Never in my whole life,” answered father Mulo.

“ Nor at Moscow, neither,” added the Surgeon.

“ No, never, though I have heard a good deal about Muscovy, particularly of late; some people tell me it is larger than Naples. What is your opinion? which do you believe to be the largest city, Naples or Muscovy?” said father Mulo.

“ Why I should think Naples the most populous,” answered the surgeon, “ though Muscovy stands upon rather more ground.”

“ I had some suspicion of that kind myself,” replied father Mulo.

LAUDABLE REASONS FOR GOING INTO HOLY ORDERS.

“ I AM sensible, my Lord, that my circumstances are so narrow, that I cannot hope to indulge my taste for my favourite amusements in the style I could wish, without being assisted by the emoluments of some profession.”

“ What profession then would you choose to be of?” rejoined his Lordship.

“ That of a clergyman,” replied Mr. S——.

“ A clergyman!” exclaimed the Peer.

“ Yes, my Lord,” continued S——; “ I confess I have a great desire to enter into holy orders.”

“ I cannot conceive,” said the Peer, “ what can be your inducement.”

“ My fondness for hunting and shooting,” answered S——; “ and, if by your Lordship’s favour, I could obtain a tolerable living in a hunting country, I should think myself extremely happy. The business of a clergyman, as your Lordship knows, from many examples, is no way incompatible with a passion for those manly amusements, without which I am sure life would seem a very dull affair in my eyes.”

“ But there are certain duties of a clergyman,” said the Peer, “ which, in some people’s eyes, are not exceedingly entertaining.”

“ I should think them no great hardships, my Lord,” said S——: “ in case of the indisposition of my Curate, on particular occasions, I have no manner of objection to reading prayers or to preaching! and on the whole, I do not despair of rendering myself agreeable to the generality of my flock; for, with regard to comforting the sick and relieving the poor, I thank heaven I am disposed to perform those duties whether I should ever be a clergyman or not.”

“ All this is very well,” resumed the Peer; “ but, my dear S——, are not some previous studies necessary before you can be---”

“ Certainly,” replied the other, interrupting his Lordship; “ and I have of late been preparing myself accordingly. I confess I was too inattentive at school, which renders this task the harder upon me;

yet I hope to surmount all obstacles, and give satisfaction to the Bishop. My passion for hunting and shooting instigates me to exertions in study which I never knew before.

“Nay, heaven forefend,” replied the Peer, smiling, “that I should attempt to blunt such laudable instigation. All I have to say is, that when you are once fairly ordained, I beg you will let me know: there is some chance of a considerable living in my gift, being vacant very soon, and you may rely upon it, my dear S——, that if you continue in your present way of thinking, and are completely dubbed, I will prefer no man to yourself.”

CONSULTATION.

Scene---Naples.

“This wound is nothing,” said the Doctor.

“We must try to make *something* of it, however,” replied the Surgeon.

“It will heal of itself directly,” resumed the Doctor.

“It must, therefore, not be left to itself,” said the Surgeon.

“What farther do you intend?” said the Physician; “little more seems necessary, except applying some fresh lint every day.”

“*Lascia far' a Marc Antonio,*” replied the Surgeon, “I will take care that his Excellency shall not be exposed to danger on the high road for at least a month to come.”

“Unless it be to prescribe some cooling physic; and such a low regimen as will prevent his suffering

from want of exercise, I can do nothing," said the Physician.

"That is doing a great deal," said the Surgeon; "it keeps the patient in low spirits, and renders him obedient."

"But, after all, how do you intend to treat the wound itself?" said the Physician.

"I intend to treat it *secundum artem*," replied the Surgeon.

"*Bene, bene respondisti*," said the Physician; "and so much for the wound. Now, pray, what say you to the news? continued the Physician; "they talk of a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean."

"Whether that will take place or not," said the Surgeon, depends entirely on the King's pleasure."

"How so? said the Physician; how can his Majesty prevent it?"

"By threatening to sink them if they presumed to enter the Streights," replied the Surgeon. "The Toulon fleet will be sufficient."

"Toulon fleet!" cried the Physician; "why, what King do you mean?"

"Why, the King of France, to be sure," he replied; "what other King *can* I mean?"

"*Vi prego di scusarmi*, signor," cried the Physician; "but in speaking of the King *in* Naples, I thought the King of Naples might perhaps be meant."

"*A fe di dia*, signor," replied the Surgeon; "*mon m'e tenuto mai in pensiero*; but I believe," added he, looking at his watch, "our consultation has lasted a decent time."

The Physician being of the same opinion, they returned to the patient's chamber.

STRONG REASONS AGAINST MARRIAGE.

“ Well, Sir, do you ever intend to marry ? ”

“ No, I cannot say I do ;---as I never was *accustomed to a wife*, I am not much inclined to matrimony ; for through the whole course of my life I have never found any thing to agree with me but what I am accustomed to.

LETTER OF ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY.

I MUST begin by informing you, dear Miss, that I was sorry my good friend, your aunt, consented to your going to London, to live with a lady of quality ; because, it is an old observation, and a true one, that young women are prone to imitate the manners of those they live with ; and the manners of women of quality and high birth, are not suitable to modest young women of respectable parentage. This only applied of the risk you ran from the contagion of lady D——’s example, and that of her acquaintance. I confess, I did not think of her son. I hear that he frequents your company to such a degree that his mother is offended, and has written to your aunt, to desire you to return to York, which you have refused. My correspondent adds, that you sometimes drive about in my lord’s carriage, that he himself saw you in his company at the play-house, richly dressed, and with a miniature picture set in diamonds, hanging from your neck ; that your whole manner, and even the style of your language, is quite changed ; that instead of being obsequious and obliging, as you were formerly, you now assume a

proud and disdainful air. Those, and other circumstances that I omit, create suspicion that he wishes to rob you of the precious jewel of your virgin innocence; after which all the jewels he can decorate you with, will be badges of dishonour. O, my dear Miss, let this never be said of you. Give him back all his jewels, and whatever presents he may have made you. Return immediately to your aunt, at York, which, I hope, will put an end to the unfavourable rumours that are in circulation concerning you. Or, in case it should not entirely have that effect (for it must be acknowledged that a good name once lost is not easily regained), still it will show that, although you have been imprudent, you are resolved to do so no more.

I earnestly intreat you, that you will send lord D—— back every present he has ever made you, and set out directly after to your afflicted aunt. As soon as you shall have arrived there, let me know, and I will endeavour to wait on you at York.

I am, dear Miss A——,

Your constant well wisher and humble servant,
D. P.

ANSWER.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I have received many epistolary letters from gentlemen, during the short time I have hitherto been in this world, yet I cannot but observe, that I have the honour to acknowledge, that that which my footman has just delivered to me from you, is the most extraordinary, or, I may presume to

add, the most unprecedented, I ever saw in the whole course of my existence.

You really seem to be what Mr. Townly calls rusticated; which, perhaps may be imputed to your living continually in the country: but that is no reason for your not writing with common politeness, which I heard lady Varnish observe, is one of the things which render the intercourse between the sexes in society so agreeable, and the want of which make all your great loyalty to his majesty, very much to be doubted; for in a book upon polite conversation, by Mr. Simon Wagstaff, Esq. which I was reading when the French friseur, was dressing my hair, I find these lines,---

“Who in his talk, can't speak a polite thing,

“Will never loyal be to George, our king.”

I recommend the perusal of that book to you, in order to purify a little your style of language, particularly when you write to the fair sex. But whether you take my counsel in this or not, allow me to tell you, Sir, that you have no right to employ a spy on my conduct, which neither you, nor your narrow-minded correspondents are proper judges of. It is very true, Sir, that I have a friendship for my Lord D——; and if he has the same delicate, sincere friendship for me, which he swears he has, and that it will be eternal, what right have you, or any one else, to find the least fault with it.

You seem, Sir, to have no notion of pure refinement between man and woman, which makes you write as you do of his robbing me of my precious jewel and virgin innocence, and such-like vulgar stuff as never once entered my head: and it is quite monstrous that it should enter your's, at an age,

when, by your own confession, you are unfit for marriage.

As for lady D——'s being offended, that gives me little concern; perhaps she may have reason to repent the airs she has given herself. She ought to remember, that she was no better than a plain Miss, as well as myself.

Before I conclude, I must inform you, that I desire no more of your admonitions, which I found so nauseous, that I threw them into the only place fit for them. If I had shewn your letter to my lord D——, he would, perhaps, have given you a lesson that would have made you write with proper respect to your superiors, and taught you, old as you are, better manners in future.—No more at present, being, Sir,

Your's, &c.

M. A.

PRINCE OF PEACE.

HIS name was originally Don Manuel Godoi, the son of an Hidalgo, of Badejos, in Estramadura, of an ancient family, in very narrow circumstances: he was educated as people in his situation usually are in the provinces of Spain: and when he arrived at the proper age, entered as a private soldier in the company of life-guards, where he served for several years until he had the good fortune to be distinguished by royal penetration, and raised to supreme favour. He is a man of address, and rather of genteel manners: he has endeavoured to repair the deficiencies of his education by study.

He was disposed to encourage science, and give protection to men of letters. He always shewed a partiality for the English, and a desire to prevent a rupture between Spain and Great Britain.

HIGH-TREASON.

I WAS called on one morning by a person who has a considerable property in the country, but whom I knew to be wonderfully weak and hot-headed.

He told me as soon as he could articulate, (for when he entered he was out of breath), "that a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood, had committed high treason."

"High-treason!---How?"

"By speaking disrespectfully of his majesty, and other branches of the royal family," he answered.

I could not believe that the man had been guilty of a thing so revolting.

He said, "he could not have believed it himself, if he had not received it from those who knew it by ocular demonstration, having heard with their *own ears*, the very words which the farmer had pronounced."

I desired him to repeat the expressions.

He said, the expressions were:---"that the king was not a Christian monarch; and that their royal highnesses the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and the Duke of Clarence, ought not to be trusted."

Though I thought this a most unlikely story, I determined to make a careful investigation. The fact turned out to be this; the farmer, with others, had

been drinking at a public-house. One of the company had said---he hoped there would be soon peace all over Europe: to which the farmer answered---that no Christian monarch would offer to make peace with such infidels as the French. The former, had rejoined, that some crowned heads had already shewn a disposition towards peace. On which the farmer said---“ That we ought not to put our trust in princes.”

This conversation, had been repeated to the person who brought the information in the presence of an attorney of the village, who remarked that the farmer's discourse was treasonable.

When the investigation was completed---“ Now,” said my informer, “ are you not convinced, that those expressions, respecting his majesty, amount to high treason?”

I told him---“ that I did not think they amounted to quite so much, because the original author of that caution against our putting trust in princes, was a king himself.”

The man seemed a good deal startled at this.

He declared, “ that he was entirely ignorant of that circumstance.”

“ He not only was a king,” said I, “ but he had a numerous family of sons, and all his sons were princes; so that it was not probable, that he had any wish to calumniate either princes or kings; particularly his present majesty, King George the Third, who is a great king, and the father of princes.

This representation seemed to have great influence on the mind of my informer.

After I had praised his zeal and loyalty, he took

his leave: but returned before he had got five steps from the door, to put me in mind to admonish the farmer to be more guarded in his language in future.

THE BISCAYAN.

WHILE I was talking with a gentleman, who was a native of Biscay, a Castilian joined us.

“It is natural,” said he, with features which expressed shrewdness, and an ironical cast, “that the natives of the land of liberty, should associate.”

“He means,” said the Biscayan to me, “as a joke against the peculiar fondness which my countrymen have ever shewn for liberty; but I receive it as a panegyric, because I know it to be a truth.”

“I should imagine,” said I, “that the king of Biscay and the king of Castile, would be inclined to render the inhabitants of each equally happy.”

“King of Biscay!” said the Biscayan, with a tone of indignation; “let me inform you, Sir, that Biscay never had a king, and I hope never will. The Biscayans love and respect the king of Castile, of Leon, and Arragon, &c. &c. &c. as much as the inhabitants of any of his kingdoms; but he is not *king* he is only *senor* of Biscaya.”

“I should not think that the name could make any very essential difference,” said he.

“We Biscayans are a free people,” said he.

“So are we English,” added I.

“But we are governed by our own laws,” said the Biscayan.

“So you might be,” resumed I, “although you had styled the *senor* of Biscay a king. You seem to

annex no idea but that of tyrant to the word king. We all know a nation, over which, under the name of Republic, the most insulting and cruel despotism has been exercised. The name of government therefore may be changed, and the essence remain the same."

"As for us," resumed the Biscayan, "we have not found it necessary to alter either the name or nature of our government. The king of Spain is senor of Biscay, and the Biscayans are governed by their own laws; we contribute to the exigencies of the empire by assessments, imposed at the general convention of the states, by representatives sent from the different cities and districts. We have no custom-house, nor excise officers."

"The women of your country have a particular aversion to them, as I have heard," said the Castilian, "and treated some, who were sent a few years ago, with uncommon severity."*

"Whether the story, to which you allude, be true or false," replied the Biscayan, "I cannot tell; but I am not displeased that it should be believed, because it may prevent projectors from advising his Majesty to attempt levying taxes in Biscay, contrary to the laws and constitution of that province.

"That the king of Spain," said I, "who is naturally just, will never have it in his inclination to overturn your rights, ought not to be disputed;

* The Castilian here alludes to certain revenue officers, sent by order of the court into Biscay, and said to have been attacked by the women of Bilboa, and to have undergone an operation seldom performed in the western world, though common in the east.

nevertheless it will be wise in your countrymen to take care that it shall never be in his power."

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

HIS mind was more frivolous than atrocious. He gained more from habit than avarice. The crimes as well as the follies of his life, proceeded from the suggestion or impulse of others, rather than his own natural disposition.

His education had been entirely neglected. What knowledge he possessed was caught in conversation, yet such was his natural quickness, that he often displayed an acuteness of observation, and a pleasantry in recounting that approaches to wit. On this account he was told by his flatterers, that he resembled in character his ancestor the Regent, who, with all his profligacy was indisputably a man of wit.

Though the Duke of Orleans talked with plausibility, he had no fixed opinions; so that after supporting a particular argument one day, it was not unusual to hear him speak next day in the opposite sense with equal plausibility. He never had the least taste for reading of any kind; the most amusing or interesting narrative could not allure him to take this trouble. Though he passed his life in debauchery, he had no patience to peruse even those licentious books where such scenes are described. He was as devoid of ambition as of taste, but was seduced into political intrigue by the ambition of Mirabeau and La Clos; falling afterwards into the government of men of more atrocious characters, he was driven to measures of cruelty by terror.

He died with a degree of firmness far superior to what he had ever displayed in the course of his life. Those who conducted him to execution made the cart stop before the gate of his own palace, the scene of his former magnificence and pleasure. This was done, no doubt, from a refinement of cruelty. He did not affect to turn his eyes away, but looked up to it without any symptom of sorrow or emotion: he seemed no ways affected by the shouts and insults of the most brutal of all mobs; he retained the same air of indifference the whole way to the place of execution, and submitted to the executioner without a complaint or a sigh.

The Duke of Orleans well deserved his fate, on account of crimes against his sovereign and country, but not from the men who had driven him to those crimes, and whose power was in a great measure the purchase of his money. The justice which was that day executed on him was, in those who brought him to the scaffold, the height of injustice and villany.

The worthless life of the Duke of Orleans may lead us to this useful reflection; and show that men of frivolous characters, devoid of ambition, or any great stimulus to evil, may be gradually led, from want of thought and easiness of temper, from one step to another, until they arrive at the summit of wickedness.

THE LAND OF CAKES.

B— filled a bumper and gave for his toast,
The Land of Cakes.

T—— drank the toast with enthusiasm, saying, “May the Almighty pour his blessings on every hill and valley in it! That is the worst wish that I shall ever wish to that land.”

“It would delight your heart to behold the flourishing condition it is now in,” replied B-----; “it was fast improving when I left it; and I have been credibly informed, that it is now a *perfect garden*.”

“I am very happy to hear it,” said T-----.

“Indeed,” added B-----, “it has been in a state of rapid improvement ever since the Union.”

“Damn the Union!” cried T-----; “it would have improved much faster without it.”

“I am not quite clear on that point, Mr. T-----,” said B-----.

“Depend upon it,” replied T-----, “the Union was the worst treaty that Scotland ever made.”

“I shall admit,” said B-----, “that she might have made a better; ---but bad as it is, our country reaps some advantage from it.”

“All the advantages are on the side of England.”

“What do you think, Sir,” said B-----, “of the increase of trade since the Union; and the riches which have flowed into the Lowlands of Scotland from that quarter?”

“Think!---why I think they have done a great deal of mischief to the Lowlands of Scotland.”

“How so, my good friend.”

“By spreading luxury among the inhabitants, the never-failing forerunner of effeminacy of manners. Why, I was assured by serjeant Lewis Mac-niel, a Highland gentleman in the Prussian service, that the Lowlanders in some parts of Scotland are now very little better than so many English.”

“ O fye!” cried B----, “ things are not come to that pass as yet, Mr. T----; your friend the serjeant assuredly exaggerates.”

“ I hope he does,” replied T----; “ but you must acknowledge,” continued he, “ that by the Union Scotland has lost her existence as an independent state; her name is swallowed up in that of England: only read the English newspapers; they mention England, as if it were the name of the whole island. They talk of the English army, the English fleet---the English every thing; they never mention Scotland, except when one of our countrymen happens to get an office under government; we are then told with some stale gibe, that the person is a Scotchman; or, what happens still more rarely, when any of them are condemned to die at Tyburn, particular care is taken to inform the public that the criminal is originally from Scotland: but if fifty Englishmen get places, or are hanged in one year, no remark is made.

FRENCH REVOLUTION *.

To give France the name of a Republic is soon done: to communicate to Frenchmen the character suitable to Republicans will be found more difficult!

* This awful event has certainly evinced the truth of the following maxim, “ that the crouching slave, when his turn to rule arrives, becomes a most cruel master to his dependents.” What tyrants have been more ferocious and despotic than the republican people of France? Thus the commander of a ship, exalted from before the mast, and colonel raised from the ranks, ever make rigid unrelenting martinets. Say, ye who make the various meanders of the human mind your study! doth this arise

One grand objection stated by them against monarchy is, that the Sovereign may be an infant, and of course kept under tutelage. They have also found, that converting the monarchy into a Republic, though it for a short time pleased the vanity, never relieved the misery of the people of France itself; yet it has proved a fruitful source of misery to other nations.

The French revolution is a convulsive disorder, which some people imagined might have been useful to France, by removing other complaints to which her constitution was liable; but being of a contagious nature, there was danger of its infecting nations who stood in no need of so violent a remedy: it might therefore have been prudent to have formed a line of circumvallation around France, like what is drawn around towns infected with the plague, and and so have cut off all intercourse with the people of that country, leaving them to find a remedy for their own disorders as they best could, and never to have opened the communication until the convulsions were cured, and the danger of infection at an end.

If, however, the French broke over the line by force, as many assert, or if other nations interfered with the sole view of curing the disorders of France, as they themselves declared, the interference must be

from an inherent love of sway in our natures, or a savage thirst of revenge, that thus induces us to immolate to the *manes* of our past mortification the present victims of our power? Certain it is, that no set of people exact more homage, or use the authority delegated to them with greater severity than the subordinate classes of mankind, when they become possessed of power.

acknowledged to have been necessary in the first case, and most generous in the second.

MARRIAGE FOR GOD'S SAKE.

“ DID you marry your wife for her fortune?” said ironically a gentleman to the husband of a rich lady with a disagreeable countenance, and a disposition resembling her face.

“ Certainly not,” answered he.

“ Was it for the sake of her beauty?”

“ No; I cannot say it was,” replied the husband.

“ Did you marry her for the sake of her temper?”

“ Not in the least.”

“ In the devil's name, for whose sake did you marry such a woman?”

“ I married her for God's sake,” answered the husband with resignation.

POWER AND LIBERTY.

I AM now convinced that power in Republics, as well as in monarchies has a tendency to be oppressive; and that liberty as well as in monarchies as in republics has a tendency to be turbulent: power and liberty therefore, are seldom on good terms in either. I do not recollect any instance of their being combined, and limited so as to produce the general happiness of the people, in any republic, nor in any monarchy, except that of Great Britain since the revolution in that country in the year 1688.

IDEAS NOT INNATE.

A YOUNG Oxonian (who had an insuperable aversion for opening a book, because he had been obliged to read so much at school) was assured by his tutor at Oxford, "that our most refined pleasure, and the most permanent happiness of life proceeded from our ideas; but that they were not innate."

"I am sorry for it," replied the young Oxonian; "for if they had, we should not be put to the trouble of reading for them."

FRENCH POLITENESS.

FRANCE has been renowned for politeness, before all traces of politeness, as well as humanity, were banished from the nation. I have heard it remarked, however, by some who have had opportunities of comparing the characters of the various nations of Europe, that though Frenchmen were more polite than their neighbours by art, yet they were less so by nature, owing to an impetuosity of temperament, which, on the shadow of provocation, makes them forget restraints of every kind, and hurries into imprudencies and difficulties, from which even submission and adulation cannot extricate them.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

ALMOST the only thing which pleased me, during my residence at Paris, was the eloquence of Verg-

niaud. In one of his speeches, he made the following observation, which the subsequent events of the revolution, have often recalled to my remembrance*.

—“ Vous vaincrez vos ennemis je le crois ; mais la
 “ nation fatiguée des dissensions, mais la France,
 “ épuisée par les efforts faits pour vaincre ses enne-
 “ mis extérieurs, déchirée par les factions, sera
 “ encore épuisée par les hommes, par l’argent qu’il
 “ aura fallu tirer de son sein, & craignez qu’elle
 “ ne ressemble à ces antiques monuments qu’on re-
 “ trouve en Égypte. L’étranger qui les apperçoit,
 “ s’étonne de euer grandeur ; s’il y pénètre, qu’y
 “ trouve-t-il ?—Des cendres inanimées, & le silence
 “ des tombeaux.”

A PLEA FOR PAINTING.

I REMEMBER being in company with a lady who was very much painted. When she withdrew, a gentleman observed, “ that it was a pity she painted.”

“ I am of a different opinion,” replied another gentleman present.

“ To me,” rejoined the first, “ she seemed frightful with her paint.”

* You say, you will conquer your enemies ; I am convinced you will—but France, exhausted, by her efforts to conquer external enemies, torn by internal factions, and drained at once of men and money, must be brought to ruin : fear then, that she may be like those ancient monuments to be seen in Egypt. The stranger, beholding them at a distance, is astonished at their grandeur ; but if he enter them, what does he find ?—inanimate ashes, and the silence of the tomb.

“ So she did to me,” said the second; “ but not quite so frightful as she does without it.”

HIDALGO.

IN the streets of Badajos* (which are narrow, filthy, and generally silent, without the least sign of industry of any kind) I observed some men with cloaks around their shoulders, each of whom stood before a separate door, and seemed to have no other object but to gaze at the passengers.

“ Pray what class of men are those?” said I, Biscayan Cicerone, “ they seem too idle to be tradesmen!”

“ You conjecture right,” replied he;—“ they would be highly affronted you could suspect them of exercising any kind of trade.”

“ They are men of independent fortune,” said I.

“ Almost their only property,” said he, “ is the wretched house they inhabit, which being transmitted from father to son, is inalienable; and constitute what in this country is called an *Hidalgo* or *hijode-algo*, the son of somebody: they would consider it as a degradation to follow any mechanical employment.”

“ How are they prevented from starving?”

“ Why they are not prevented from what you would call starving in England,” replied he; “ but

* A large and strong town of Spain, populous enough, and the capital of Estramadura. It has an handsome castle, and a famous bridge, built by the Romans on the Guadiana. It has a frontier town, and is consequently of some importance,

I will tell you how they prolong their life—observe that man going from his own door with something under his cloak; you will see him stop at the private door of that magnificent building, which is a convent, and one of the richest establishments in this province: he carries under his cloak a vessel, into which he receives an allotted portion of broth, with vegetables and meat of different kinds, which he carries back for the support of his family; and the same is regularly done by a number of these *Hidalgos* every day. Those who are thus served at the private door of the convent are called the bashful or gentlemen beggars. As for others I do not well know how to denominate them---they cannot be called the poorer sort, and still less the meaner, for nothing can be meaner than what I have related of these *Hidalgos*: but as the others are not *Hidalgos*, we may distinguish them by the appellation of *the sons of nobody*;—all of the class that receive alms at the *public gate*.”

“ It seems surprising,” said I, “ that men who are ashamed to work for their bread, should not be ashamed to beg for it; for you may call him as bashful as you please, but the man struts to the convent with as stately a step as if he were the proprietor of the whole building.*”

* The reader, must not imagine, that in every part of Spain the same lazy, beggarly disposition, is attached to the inhabitants, as it is to be seen in Estramadura. In Catalonia the people, are in general, industrious; that province is well cultivated. The Biscayans, are also very industrious.

MAN OF WIT.

I WAS asking, the other day, an acquaintance, how it happened that one of his friends, who is generally thought an agreeable man, had so many enemies. His answer was—"because my friend is a man of wit."

"A man of wit!" said I,

"Yes," rejoined he; "of all the gifts of nature to the human race, wit is the most envied, and the least forgiven."

THE SEDATE COMMONER.

A MEMBER of Parliament, who never spoke in the House of Commons but once, when, in the middle of a debate, a certain noisy member, looking accidentally at him, bellowed, "hear! hear! hear!"—to which he calmly replied, "*I never do any thing else, Sir.*"—The answer immediately got the applause of the whole house.

MIRABEAU.*

His mind was vigorous, comprehensive, and acute. With the quickness of thought, variety of knowledge, and happiness of expression which constitutes eloquence, he also possessed that power of voice which is necessary to give it full effect in a

* This celebrated character was born in 1749—he died at Paris in the year 1791.

numerous assembly. To a talent for repartee he joined the powers of profound reasoning; so that he was equally prepared to disconcert his opponent with sarcasm, or to refute him by the force of argument.

Although his features were harsh and his person clumsy, he had the art of rendering himself agreeable to women---an art which too often he used to libertine purposes, and, as it is asserted, with greater success than many whose intentions were equally profligate, and their persons better formed for seduction.

His excessive love of pleasure would have tended to render him completely dissipated, and of course left him ignorant, had he not employed the long intervals of confinement and retirement that his debaucheries and his want of money obliged him to, in studies which, with better health and more riches, he would have neglected.

Had he been an early favourite at court, and been placed in those high and lucrative situations that his birth and talents gave him a claim to, he might have been satisfied to have remained a mere courtier, and supporter of that oppressive and arbitrary system, against which he inveighed so violently and which he attacked with such energy. His tedious imprisonments and the hardships he suffered sometimes in consequence of his own irregularities, and sometimes from the tyranny of others, inspired him with sympathy for the oppressed, hatred against letters de cachet; an unconquerable aversion to tyranny, and a fervent desire of establishing freedom in his native country.

As Mirabeau was a man of violent passions, he was on some occasions carried by his resentment to oppose the measures of the ministers which he approved; and on other occasions there is reason to believe that he accepted of considerable sums from the court to support measures in the national assembly, which independent of that circumstance, he would have supported as agreeable to his own political principles. This conduct was, no doubt, highly unbecoming, and gave some ground for the idea which many entertain that he was as corrupt in politics as profligate in private life. It does not appear, however, that he ever lent his aid to any public measure inconsistent with his own ideas of liberty, and his avowed love of a monarchical form of government limited by law*.

Mirabeau has been represented in the blackest and most disgusting colours; but these accounts are to be received with caution and reserve; for as few men have ever united in their character so many of those qualities which are apt to create enmity, so few men ever had so many enemies. As an active

* It is recorded of the famous Marshal Turenne, that when he commanded the French army in Germany, deputies from a certain town came to his camp, and offered him an hundred thousand crowns, on condition that he would not march his army through their territory,—“As your town is not on the route which I intend to take,” said he, “I cannot in conscience accept the money you offer.”

Mirabeau in the same situation would certainly not have acted in the disinterested and dignified manner that Marshal Turenne did; nor will his general character bear a comparison with that of the marshal; yet it is a question if Mirabeau would, in obedience to the orders of Louis XIV. have ravaged and ruined the Palatinate.

agent in bringing on the revolution, he was hated by all the friends of the old system of government. As a friend to monarchy, he was disliked by those who wished to have a republican form of government in France. As an avowed free-thinker, he shocked the pious, and was traduced by the hypocritical. As a man of wit, he was dreaded and detested by the dull; and as his talents for conducting a popular assembly were unequalled, he was an object of envy to all who aspired to be leaders in the revolution.

The excesses in which Mirabeau had indulged, overcame the force of a vigorous constitution, and brought him to his grave at the age of forty-two.

His death was an irreparable loss to the royal family; for there is reason to think, that had he lived, those who have since figured as principals in the revolution, would have acted very subordinate parts. His superior talents, would have given such energy to the first movements of the new constitution, as would have precluded the attempts of the republicans against it on the one hand, and those of the abettors of the old government on the other. The friends of limited monarchy would have united.

Mirabeau himself imagined, that he could have preserved the constitution; but he foresaw its destruction in his death; and a little before he expired, he predicted that the French monarchy would not survive him long.

SENSIBLE REASONER.

A TRAVELLER expressed his surprise to an inhabitant of Lisbon that they should have ventured to

raise their houses to such an height in a town so lately overthrown by an earthquake.

“ It is because it has been so lately overthrown,” he replied, “ that we venture ; for as other capitals in Europe deserve an earthquake as much as Lisbon, it is reasonable to believe that they will all be overthrown in their turn, according to their deserts ; and of course, it will be a long time before it comes round to Lisbon again.”

ABSOLUTION AND EXTREME UNCTION.

A NEGRO slave, having allowed symptoms of compassion, perhaps of indignation, to escape from him, on hearing one of his brother slaves ordered to be punished unjustly, his tyrannical master, in a transport of rage, ordered him to be lashed severely, and renewed the punishment at legal intervals so often, that the poor man was thrown into a languishing disease, which confined him constantly to his bed.

An Irish soldier, who had been long acquainted with the negro, and had a particular esteem for him, as soon as he heard of his dangerous situation, hastened to see him, carried him wine and other refreshments, and continued to visit and comfort him during his languishing illness. Perceiving at last, that there was no hope of his recovery, he thought the last and best good office he could do him, was to carry a priest, to give him absolution and the extreme unction.

Soldier—I should be very sorry, father, if this poor fellow missed going to heaven ; for by Jesus, I

do not believe there is a worthier soul there, be the other who he pleases.

Priest—He is a black.

Soldier—His soul is whiter than a skinned potatoe.

Priest—Do you know whether he believes in all the tenets of our holy faith?

Soldier—He is a man who was always ready to do as he would be done by.

Priest—That is something; but not the most essential. Are you certain that he is a Christian?

Soldier—I'll be d——d if he is not as pretty a Christian as your heart can desire; and I'll give you a proof that will rejoice your soul to hear.—A soldier of our regiment, was seized with the cramp in his leg, when he was bathing; so he hollowed for assistance, and then went plump to the bottom, like a stone. Those who were near him, Christians and all, swam away as fast as their legs could carry them, for they were afraid of his catching hold of them. But that honest negro, pushed directly to the place where the soldier had sunk, dived after him, and without more ado, or so much as saying by your leave, seized him by the hair of the head, and hauled him ashore, where, after a little rubbing and rolling, he was quite recovered, and is alive and merry, at this blessed moment. Now, my dear father, I think this was behaving like a good Christian, and what is much more, like a brave Irishman too.

Priest—Has he been properly instructed in all the doctrines of the Catholic church?

Soldier—That he has: for I was after instructing him yesterday myself; and as you had told me very often that believing was the great point, I pressed

that home. "By Jaxus," says I, "it does not signify wry faces, but you must believe my dear honey, as fast as ever you can, for you have no time to lose;"—and, poor fellow, he entreated me to say no more about it, and he would believe whatever I pleased.

This satisfied the father. They arrived at the dying man's cabin. Now, my dear fellow, said the soldier, I have brought a holy man to give you absolution for your sins, and to shew your soul the road to heaven; take this glass of wine to comfort you, for it is a hellish long journey.

The priest then began to perform his office.—Hanno heard him in silence.

Soldier—You see, my good father, he believes in all you say. You may now, without any further delay, give him absolution and extreme unction, and every thing needful to secure him a snug birth in Paradise.

Priest—You are fully convinced, friend, that it is only by a firm belief in all the tenets of the holy catholic church that——

Soldier—God love your soul, my dear father, give him absolution in the first place, and convince him afterwards: for upon my conscience, if you bother him much longer, the poor creature's soul will slip through your fingers.

The priest, who was a good-natured man, did as the soldier requested.

Soldier—Now, my honest fellow, you may bid the devil kiss your b——de, for you are as sure of heaven, as your master is of hell; where, as this reverend father will assure you, he must suffer to all eternity.

"I hope he will not suffer so long," said the

negro, in a faint voice; and speaking for the first time, since the arrival of the priest.

“Have a care of what you say, friend,” said the priest, in a severe tone of voice; “you must not doubt of the eternity of hell torments.—If your master goes once there, he must remain there for ever.”

“Then, I’ll be bound for him,” said the soldier, “he is sure enough of going there.”

“But I hope in God, he will not remain for ever,” said the negro—and expired.

“That was not spoken like a true believer,” said the priest; “If I had thought that he harboured any doubts on such an essential article, I should not have given him absolution.”

“It is lucky, then, said the soldier, “that the poor fellow made his escape to heaven, before you knew any thing of the matter.”

As the soldier returned home, from the negro’s cabin, he met his master, who knowing where he had been, said to him, “how is the d——d scoundrel?”

“The d——d scoundrel is in better health than all who knew him could wish,” replied the soldier.

“Why they told me he was dying!”

“He is already dead, and on his way to heaven,” said the soldier; but as for the scoundrel who murdered him, he’ll be d——d before he gets there.”

PICTURE OF ITALY AND OF THE ITALIANS,
IN A

Scotch Valct's letter to one of his friends

DEAR A.

I RECEIVED your kind epistle, with the agreeable news that all our friends in the west-country are well.

Your fears of my having forgot you, are very ill-founded, for although it has been my lot to sojourn many years among strangers, yet thanks be unto God, I never learned to prefer foreigners to my own countrymen: on the contrary, I do feel that I like my old friends the better in proportion as I increase my new acquaintances. So you see there is little danger of my forgetting *them*, and far less my blood-relations; for surely blood is thicker than water.

You desire my opinion of Italy and its inhabitants, which I shall now give you without prejudice or partiality. The Italians are a most ingenious people. I have been even tempted to think that there is something favourable to ingenuity in the very air or soil, or something else belonging to this happy-situated peninsula of Italy, for it became, in the first place, the seat of the empire of the world, by the valour and address of its inhabitants; when I say the world, I mean all but the northern part of Great Britain, which the Romans were so far from subduing, that they were obliged to build walls and ramparts across the island; first, between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, and next, from Carlisle to Newcastle, to defend themselves from our ancestors, the Caledonians.

But when the Roman Empire was overturned by the Goths, Rome became the seat of a new kind of Empire, and that is the empire of the Popes. In short, the inhabitants of Italy, first subdued mankind by open force; and secondly, by imposition and pawkry:* and after several ages of Gothic darkness, where does the light of knowledge first dawn again? Where do the arts first appear, and where are they carried to the greatest perfection? Why, in this same Italy. This looks, I say, as it were something peculiarly favourable to ingenuity in this country. But whatever may be in that notion, with all the disadvantages to which they are exposed from a miserable bad government, the present race of Italians, are certainly a civilized, discreet, sober people, not so frank as the French, nor yet so reserved as the English; but with more shrewdness of understanding perhaps than either.

In the formation of statutes and graven images, they are supposed to surpass all the nations of Europe; for, in our own country, you know, this occupation was never much encouraged, because in the opinion of several serious Christians of the Presbyterian persuasion, it flies in the teeth of the second commandment.

The Italians are fond of music, to an astonishing, and even to an unwarrantable degree; the number of eunuchs which they employ at a great expence, is a pretty plain proof that they spare nothing to have their ears tickled; they even oblige them to sing in the very churches; yet surely they might

* A Scotch word nearly synonymous with *duplicity*.

find houses enough to keep concerts in, without profaning the house of God.

It must be confessed, that Italian music, when performed in a proper place, and on proper occasions, is very delightful to hear, though the best of it never thrilled through my heart so pleasing as the sweet melody of some of our own tunes.

It is not, dear A. in the appearance of the fields, or of the cities, nor in the customs and genius of the inhabitants, that the country where you reside, has the greatest advantage over this land of darkness, but in the important article of religion; which here consists almost entirely of external show and gew-gawry, of bowing, courtesies, and various gesticulations, of fantastical dresses, processions, and other idle ceremonials, which are in no way connected with true piety, and altogether opposite to the simplicity of the gospel, which you, my dear friend, enjoy the inestimable privilege of hearing preached in its native purity and truth.

Having now briefly touched upon all the points, I must end this long letter, begging to be respectfully remembered to all inquiring friends on the water of Enrick; and so, my dear A, I remain your affectionate cousin,

N.

LOUIS XV.

MANY circumstances were united in that monarch to conciliate the affection and raise the hopes of the nation.

He was the only child of the virtuous duke of

Burgundy, and Adelaide of Savoy, whose playful character is painted in such amiable colours by the writers of that age. The Duke fell a sacrifice to the grief he felt for the untimely death of his princess; and the loss of both filled France, not only with that external mourning which is equally worn for princes at whose death the public rejoice, as for those they lament, but also with *real* sorrow.

The young king possessed likewise all the charms of comeliness of countenance and symmetry of person: to these the people added, of course, all the best qualities of the head and heart.

Whatever share of the latter he had was soon rendered useless by indolence, and perverted by the corruption of a court.* He possessed not, like his great grandfather, that lofty reserve, which keeps men at too great a distance to judge of the real worth of the object they contemplate.—With more weaknesses to conceal, he had less the power of concealing them; and the more the man was seen the less was the monarch esteemed.

He became devoted to an artful woman who

* The following anecdotes are as many proofs of the *apathy* of Lewis the *XIth*.—Seeing from his window the funeral procession of Madame de Pompadour, of whom he had been so fond, he admired it much, and pulling out his watch, said: “It will arrive at Paris at ten o’clock.”—When his faithful servant and confidant, Le Bel, died at Compeign, he simply asked where he was to be *buried*.—The marquis de Chauvelin who had for many years been his constant companion at the gaming-table, having supped with him at Madame du Barri’s, and going to sit down to play, fell down dead close by the king; who, entirely unmoved, said to those who thought that by their assistance, he might recover, “don’t you see that he is dead? That great beast was always stuffing himself; I always told him he would kill himself by eating.

governed the state with an unlimited sway, as his general had done the army. For though he had appeared at its head, he had never endeavoured to acquire any knowledge in the art of war.

Madame du Dubarry who succeeded the marchioness of Pompadour, was not so haughty and ambitious as her predecessor, and intermeddled less with the affairs of state. With all her good-humour and gaiety, she found it impossible, however, entirely to ward off the tedium to which a vacant mind is peculiarly exposed.

Although no man was ever more oppressed with mental indolence than Louis XV. he was fond to excess of bodily exercise, and passed great part of his time in hunting, from which he derived the double advantage of repelling the intrusions of reflection and obtaining sleep.

The wretched monarch was relieved from the burden of existence, by a disease which he had taken great pains to avoid, through the whole of his past life, and which he caught wantonly in his old age*. He died a memorable proof, that the united advantages of external gracefulness, riches, high birth, and quickness of apprehension, cannot preclude tedium or misery, and secure public esteem to those whose minds are incapable of laudable exertions.

OPINIONS NO CRIMES.

It is the business of government to controul men's actions, not their opinions; and those are recorded

* Louis XV. died at the age of sixty-five, of the small-pox, which he caught from a young woman, on whom that disease appeared soon after she had been with the king,

as the happiest times, in which the most uncontrolled freedom was allowed to the declaration of opinion. “Rara temporum felicitate,” says the historian, “ubi sentire quæ velis, and quæ sentias dicere licet.” All the terror of the tribunal of the *Porte di Sopiri* at Venice, cannot make one who thinks monarchy a preferable form of government to republicanism change his opinion; nor can all the thunder of the *ultima ratio regum* make a republican prefer monarchy. The utmost that severities can do is to make hypocrites; it is impossible for them to make converts. Opinion, so far from being under the power of other men’s will, is not, under a man’s own; it is the offspring of his reason, well or ill informed. Opinions, therefore, cannot justly be imputed to any man as crimes. Even one of those bloody revolutionary judges in France, who examined one of their victims in the prison of the *Abbaye* at Paris, in September, 1792, was sensible of it. When that intrepid victim avowed himself a royalist, an universal murmur arose from the bloody circle who heard him, “ce n’est pas pour juger les opinions que nous sommes ici*,” said the judge; “c’est pour en juger les resultats.”

Men of the greatest worth and virtue have had and always will have different speculative opinions on the different forms of government. Every man has a right to speculate on it as well as on any other subject, and while he confines himself to speculation, he is not the just object of punishment; but when, from speculation he proceeds to action, the case is

* It is not to judge of men’s opinions that we are here, but to judge of their actions.

totally different. The peace of society is not to be with impunity disturbed with insurrection; and the men against whom such action is proved become the just objects of punishment*.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF FRANCE,

WHEN brought before a tribunal of atheists, proved what a degree of composure religion can communicate to a mind naturally timid, and to what elevation it can raise a mind naturally unassuming. Disdaining any concession which might soften their cruelty, and despising the wrath which she knew her answer would excite to the first interrogatory of the bloody court, what is your name? she greatly replied, “ *my name is Elizabeth of France, sister to the monarch you murdered, and aunt to your present king.*”

STAUNCH ROMAN CATHOLICS.

WHEN it was urged to a superstitious French peasant of the provinces that he ought to have no scruple

* Lord Hawkesbury would have probably done well to have quoted this article in his answer to the supercilious attempts of the Corsican Usurper and his minions, to restrain the freedom of the British press. It may be necessary to observe, that a few short weeks ago, when the First Consul was our *faithful friend and ally*, we dared not thus to have expressed our opinions; but by the fortuitous changes in the political world, thanks to the termination of the system of *candour, liberality, and forbearance* on the part of our ministers, we may now give vent to our indignation at the insolence of a beggarly upstart, without danger of reproof from his Majesty's Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench.—May 21, 1803.

ple at receiving the sacrament from a priest who had taken the oath, since the king himself had sanctioned the decree, "my body," said the peasant, "belongs to the king; but my soul belongs to the pope*."

One of his neighbours having reproached another peasant, for having his child baptised by a priest who had taken the oath: "Why, my child seemed very weakly," replied the peasant, and I was so much afraid of his dying without baptism, that I took the first priest I could get to secure the poor infant's soul at all events." "But after what the pope has declared," said his neighbour, "does not your own soul run some risk for having employed one of those impious priests who disobey his holiness?"—"I have time to repent and get absolution; rejoined the peasant; whereas my poor innocent babe was in danger of slipping off in an instant without baptism or any chance of salvation†.

PRIDE AND MADNESS.

WHEN the famous dutchess of Longueville, sister to the great Condé was dangerously ill, a poor wo-

* The Pope had declared his positive disapprobation of the civil oath; being in his opinion a breach of that which a Roman Catholic Priest had taken at his ordination. In the full persuasion that so valuable a part of his property, as his soul, was at the pope's disposal; it is not surprizing that this poor man was cautious of doing what his holiness disapproved of.

† Before the Revolution it was a received opinion even among the populace, that the ceremony of baptism is valid, although performed by a heretic; but at the period of the revolution, some of the peasantry were made to believe that to employ a priest who had taken the oaths was a mortal sin.

man, came bathed in tears, and with every mark of sorrow begged to know how the dutchess did; but the dutchess's favourite maid, being filled with indignation at the presumptuous grief of the woman, thrust her out of doors, telling her, "that it was the height of assurance in a low creature like her to be afflicted, or at all concerned, for the ill health of a princess."

THE CASTLE AND THE MODERN COTTAGE ORNL.

THE second is all harmony, and the first all horror. It recalls to our memory those dismal times (heaven forbid they should ever return,) when family feuds, and the spirit of vengeance, excited the inhabitants against each other, and deluged this island with blood—and the former, brings back to our imagination, that golden age,* when according to Gresset—

Tous dans d'innocentes d'elices.
 Unis par des noends pleins d'attraits,
 Passoient leur jeunesse sans vices,
 Et leur vieillesse sans regrets.

LIVERIES AND ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

IN Great Britain every tradesman is allowed to load his footmen with as rich liveries as the vanity of

* It is not unfortunate, that we have the authority of history for the truth of the horrible times of massacre and rapine: whereas, for the golden age, we have only the authority of the poets.

the master exacts, and his purse can afford ; and for a moderate sum he may have what arms he pleases. Accordingly, it is impossible to pass through the city of London, without seeing on the carriages of grocers, brewers, bricklayers, contractors, and cheesemongers, as many helmets, shields, and spears, as were in Godfrey's army at the siege of Jerusalem.

There are some mortified relicts and descendants of nobility who lament, as a grievous abuse, that the carriages which drag the awkward offspring and bloated garbage of the city to a ball or feast at the mansion-house, should be permitted to be as richly blazoned, as much admired by the ignorant, as those which convey the most ancient, and of course the purest blood of the realm to St. James's.

This no doubt is afflicting to the pride of a few honourable persons, both male and female, whose feelings may be the same, although their sex are different ; but on the other hand, it ought to be considered, that all kind of encouragement should be given to trade in this commercial nation, and that the affliction above mentioned is in some degree compensated by the innocent pleasure which a foaming coat of arms affords to the wives and daughters of many respectable citizens, and to those respectable citizens themselves, who are more at a loss how to enjoy their fortune than they were to acquire it.

There is reason to suspect that this valuable art of enjoying riches was somewhat of a rarity even in the Augustan age, since Horace compliments his accomplished friend *Albius Tibullus* for possessing it :

Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi ?

To allow a free participation of the enjoyments which heraldry affords to every British subject, at a

a reasonable price, seems equitable: abundance of examples prove that it affords pleasure to some, even after their age, conscience, and constitution have interdicted them from other pleasures.

MISFORTUNE.

“ THE loss of four hundred dollars, to one in your circumstances, must have been a dreadful misfortune.”

“ Their loss, was one of the luckiest things that ever happened to me. I was obliged to pinch so hard to make it up, that I have thought myself in affluence ever since.”

“ You are a philosopher, and bear misfortunes with great fortitude.”

“ I have hardly had any to bear.”

“ I am surprised to hear you say so; for I have heard you lost near seven thousand dollars in the space of a month, being in a very persevering run of ill fortune.”

“ Thereabout.”

“ And what, in the devil’s name, do you call that; a man who loses such a sum must think himself very unfortunate.”

“ Not if he previously won it all in the course of a week’s play.”

“ That is not the usual way in which men calculate their own misfortunes.”

It is the fair way, however; for the most fortunate man that ever existed, will be proved to be unfortunate, if you throw out all the lucky incidents of his life, and leave the unlucky behind.

COURT OF SPAIN.

CHARLES the fourth, the present king of Spain, is of an athletic make, fond of exercise, temperate, as much attached to his Queen as the most constant of his predecessors ever were to theirs*, and as little given to jealousy as any man that ever existed.

Her majesty, who is a princess of Parma, has honoured several individuals with her distinguished patronage; and the men she has delighted to honour have generally become the king's ministers; for he has the highest opinion of her judgment in men as well as of her conjugal fidelity. To be distinguished by the queen's favour was likely of itself to rouse slander and create envy; but when to that all the

* The kings of Spain have for many years been patterns of conjugal fidelity; and what is full as remarkable, none of them have been able to surpass in that virtue the prince who was called to their throne from the court of Versailles.

That monarch seems not to have wished for any other minister, friend, or companion, than his wife. He not only passed every night with her, but every day also—sick or well he never quitted her, and when affairs of state or etiquette required that others should be present, he always shewed marks of impatience till he could be alone with the queen. There never was such a miracle of constancy, yet his sorrow on account of the queen's death did not prevent his marrying again. A wife seems to have been almost a necessary of life for this prince: he was not, however, difficult with respect to the choice; that he left entirely to others. His second wife engrossed his attention, as much as his first had done. Nothing surprised this uxorious prince so much in the character of his countrymen, and particularly in that of his grandfather Louis the fourteenth of France, as that they should have so little taste for their own wives, and so much for those of other men.

power of the state was added, it may easily be imagined what increased activity and vigour must have been given to both: insinuations to her majesty's disadvantage were conveyed in notes laid on the king's plate, under his napkin, thrown into his coach, transmitted to him, or brought to his notice, by every means which envy could prompt, and malevolent ingenuity contrive, but all without producing the effect intended: he remains fully satisfied that his consort is as faithful to him as he is to her.

This well disposed monarch not only shuts his ears against the queen's calumniators, but he is averse from believing in the infidelity of married people in general; he considers adultery as one of the greatest crimes, and a belief of its frequency one of the most dangerous opinions that can prevail in this licentious age; because it tends to shake the reverence of children to their parents, and the loyalty of subjects to their sovereign, by suggesting that the blood royal may have been adulterated by plebeian mixture: an idea which cannot fail to diminish the veneration due to it.

A thousand peculiarities respecting this prince, mark him as a good natured-man: subject to sudden fits of anger, he is quickly pacified, and impatient to make reparation to his attendants for whatever he has said or done during his passion, that was too violent or disobliging. When any of them falls sick, or meets with a disagreeable accident, he shows a degree of compassion and sympathy that is not common in princes.

He is said to be very little acquainted with business, though he regularly sits in council, with the queen at his side; and though his ministers are supposed to

be selected by the queen, she is so observant of decorum, that she expresses no opinion in words while sitting in council; but they generally understand by her looks what she approves or disapproves, and they act accordingly.

Her countenance is more distinguished for penetration than for either beauty or good nature; yet she contrives to throw off its usual sourness when strangers are presented, and receives them with a smile, and the appearance of graciousness.

COQUETRY.

It is often said that a coquette may be a virtuous woman; that she only amuses herself by attracting the attention of men, and deceiving them with false hopes. I am not now speaking of that playful and thoughtless coquetry which has no object beyond drawing a little admiration; of that species of coquetry, nothing need be said, but that it is sometimes a dangerous game. But of the other kind of coquetry, my opinion is very different.—Deceiving men with false hopes!—hopes of what nature!—Can that be an occupation for a virtuous woman!—I think that a woman of the town is a vast deal more reprehensible.

CHANCE AMATEUR.

A GENTLEMAN who had no taste for the fine arts was asked by a limner in distress, whom he accidentally met, to let him paint his portrait, or that

of any of his friends, for a moderate sum. The gentleman took the painter home in his carriage, saying, that, "as for his own face it was not worth painting, but that he should like to have the portrait of a worthy friend of his, who, he feared, was in a declining way."---That friend was an old Welch poney, who had carried him up and down the mountains of Wales for above a dozen years; and who, he asserted had done him more essential services than any friend he had. The portrait of the horse was painted accordingly: it was thought so like, that the artist received double the sum bargained for. The amateur hung it up in his parlour, and never looked at it after the death of the original, without a sigh, and a short panegyric on his excellent qualities.

MALIGNANT FEVERS *.

THERE is good reason to believe, from history and authentic records, that malignant fevers were

* Neither naturalists or physicians have informed us what is the cause which renders so many diseases contagious, while others are not in the least infectious. The gout, the gravel, the epilepsy, the apoplexy, are not caught by frequenting the company of the diseased: but the malignant fevers, the plague, the dysentery, the itch, the bloody flux, occasion frequently terrible ravages by their infection. "It may probably be said," observed the learned Bishop of Arranches, "that all contagious diseases produce *worms*, which are contained in ulcers, pustules, or pimples, either internal or external. These worms, by undergoing a revolution, which in them is natural, change into the fly state, and become *gnats*. As soon as these flies, imperceptible by their diminutive size, can lift themselves by their wings, they

formerly more frequent, more universal, and raged with greater violence in Europe in general, and in this island particularly, than they have done of late.

This is generally imputed to the streets and houses of most of the cities, and of London in particular, being more spacious, dry, and airy.

From their being infinitely more cleanly in consequence of the new method of paving.

From the inhabitants not being so much crowded together.

From their being more cleanly in their houses and persons.

From the poor in particular being more commodiously lodged, more salubriously nourished, and better taken care of in all respects.

From the disease being more judiciously treated by medical practitioners in general. And, above all,

From our knowledge of the virtues of the Peruvian bark.

During the civil wars in Charles the First's time, this fever raged with destructive violence in the

take their flight. They are then scattered abroad; and entering the bodies of men by respiration, they infuse that poison by which they are engendered, and communicate that corruption from whence they have sprung. Thus great fires have been found very serviceable in public contagion, by burning and consuming these *gnats* with which the air is filled. An opposite cause produces also the same effect; I mean a sharp frost, that kills and destroys these terrible insects."—It is almost unnecessary to observe, that this very singular though amusing theory is now exploded.

camp, and degenerated into an absolute plague in the capital, and in other parts of England.

Some of the circumstances which have a tendency to spread this disease, and render it more malignant and pestilential prevail, it will be said, in a greater degree in Scotland than in England; yet the latter has been more frequently subject to pestilential and malignant fevers than the former, and when this calamity last raged with so much violence in the southern parts of the island, it was little felt in the northern, which naturally may be imputed to the mountainous nature and northerly situation of Scotland: the one exposing the atmosphere to a brisker ventilation; and the other bracing the fibres of the inhabitants by frosts of longer duration*.

INFECTIOUS ATMOSPHERE.

THE human constitution, by degrees habituates itself to this kind of atmosphere, so as at length to become little susceptible of infection, even where very infectious diseases prevail. Physicians and surgeons who are much accustomed to attend the

* To prevent the Scots from being too much elated with this or any other advantage, they have never wanted disinterested good-natured friends," who, without grudging them, either their storms or their frosts, are fond of reminding them of every circumstance that may tend to moderate their pride, and who fail not to remark, that if their country is less subject to pestilence, it is more exposed to famine than England. This circumstance affords those of their neighbours, who are not less fond of a joke upon account of its age, a great advantage over the Scots in repartee.

sick, and nurses who live almost constantly in hospitals, are not near so apt to be affected by impure air, or by contagion, as others*.

“ LE CRIME FAIT LA HONTE, ET NON PAS
L’ECHAFFAUD.”

No maxim was more admired, or oftener quoted by the French than this fine verse of one of their poets, yet before the constitution of 1791, which has removed an old prejudice stronger in France than in any other country, a public execution was considered as dishonouring the whole family. Most fortunate it is for private families that this precaution was thought of, otherwise they are very few in France, who would not at present be considered as dishonoured.

RELIGION.

HONESTY is not always considered as essentially connected with religion. To infuse the spirit of benevolence, and prevail on men to regulate their actions by strict integrity, is a more difficult task than to persuade them to the performance of certain ceremonies, by which they compensate for a failure

* Experiments have been made of gradually accustoming mice and other animals to foul air, from which it appears that they come at length, to live without inconveniency in air which proves almost immediately fatal to animals of the same species, taken directly from the common atmosphere and who have never been so habituated.

in moral duties. The vulgar mind cannot imagine that the Deity is not better pleased with pompous processions in honour of himself, than simple fair dealing of men with each other. The speediest way of convincing the multitude is, by inflaming their passions. It is generally fruitless, and sometimes not very safe, to endeavour to persuade them that their ceremonies of religion are of little profit without probity.

INSOLENCE

RAISES stronger indignation than even injustice ; for no better reason than because pride is less wounded by the one than the other. For the same reason, a continual observance of little attentions makes more friends than real services. Real services relieve our wants, attentions flatter our pride : our wants are removed, our pride remains.

BASIL

Is larger than any town in Switzerland.—The inhabitants seem to be uncommonly afraid of thieves, most of the windows being guarded by iron bars or grates, like those of convents or prisons.

At the lower end of many windows projecting toward the street, there is a round glass of about half a foot diameter in the middle ; people within, without being seen, sit at the window and thus amuse themselves by looking at the passengers. They are mostly occupied by the ladies.

The inhabitants of Basil seem to be of a reserved and saturnine disposition. They are uncommonly serious and formal in their manner.

The library is much esteemed, and reckoned particularly rich in manuscripts.

At the arsenal is shown the armour in which Charles Duke of Burgundy was killed.

In the town house is a famous painting, supposed to have been executed under the auspices of the famous council, which sat so many years, and voted so intrepidly against the Pope. In this piece the devil is represented driving the Pope and several ecclesiastics before him to hell.

Here are many pictures of Hans Holbens, a native of that town. The most admired of all his works is a suite of small pieces in different compartments, representing the passions and sufferings of our Saviour. In these the colours remain with wonderful vivacity.

The colours of Holben's death's dance, represented upon the walls of a dismal gallery, having long been exposed to the air, are now quite faded. That can scarcely be regretted, for the plan of the piece is so wretched, that the finest execution could hardly prevent it from giving disgust.

In this city all the clocks are an hour advanced.

This singularity is of three or four hundred years standing, and what is as singular as the custom itself, the origin of it is not known.

The most popular story is, that, about 400 years ago, the city was threatened with an assault at sunrise. The artist, who had the care of the large clock of the tower, having heard that the attack was to begin when it should strike one after mid-

night, caused it to be altered, and it struck two instead of one; thinking they were an hour too late, the enemy gave up the attempt; and in commemoration of this deliverance the clock has ever since been kept an hour on advance.

DUMOURIER*

POSSESSÉS the peculiar vivacity of air and manner that distinguishes the natives of France. I understand, that he is remarkably entertaining and amiable in conversation; that, though he has indulged in pleasure, and yielded to dissipation, yet he is capable of the most indefatigable exertion, both of body and mind; that he has always been fonder of pleasure than of money, and ever ready to sacrifice both for renown. His enemies, who allow that he possesses great acuteness of mind, and the most unshaken courage, throw doubts upon his steadiness in other respects.†

* This Gallic Hero, like Mark Anthony, was destined to lose himself, and all his laurels, in the smiles and machinations of love. His favourite Cleopatra, notwithstanding his fierce and ungovernable courage in the field, held him in the most timid and tyrannical slavery,—though beautiful, she was vulgar to a proverb. She declared to a judicious agent of the Convention, Dumourier was a private enemy to the faction by which the king was murdered, and a friend to hereditary Monarchy.

† The following anecdote of Dumourier will amuse perhaps our readers:—When in the year 1793, he came to England, wishing to remain *incognito* till his arrival in London, and equally averse to travelling in an expensive manner, which might attract attention, or to mix in the crowd of a stage